

The MARDI GRAS BALL



Flags of all nations fluttered in the cool currents of air from two great electric fans overhead, which kept the ballroom at a delightful temperature all the evening.

In the center of the Waikiki side of the ballroom was the throne, artistically draped in the carnival colors, the pretty festoons falling gracefully from an immense gilt crown and looped back with evergreens at the side.

Owing to the crush the grand march was a little late in forming and it was not until 9:30 o'clock that Major Potter, master of ceremonies, succeeded in marshaling his subjects in line.

A group of unmanageable "pakes," in loose blouse, wide hats, queues and other accoutrements of the Celestial dress, escaped through the doorway leading to the ballroom and with wild bursts of pigeon English, started down the steps from the stage, creating much amusement for the waiting spectators.

Finally the band from a mass of evergreens in the balcony above struck up "Let Us Weave a Lei" and the maskers moved into line. At the command, "Make way for the Princess!" they fell back and Miss Abigail Campbell, Princess of the Carnival, escorted by Colonel Tarn McGrew, the Prince, entered the hallway, moved forward and took her place at the head of the line beside the Prince.

Two tiny pages, in lavender and yellow, trotted beside her, carrying her glittering train of silver. A sweet, clear bugle call rang through the gayly decked ballroom and the master of ceremonies gave the command. The band began the opening bars of the march, and out across the stage, down the grand stairway and up the polished floor of the beautiful ballroom the procession moved, led by the Prince and Princess, the tiny pages in attendance and the court jester close behind, laughing merrily and jingling his bells.

There followed a strange and motley crowd of merry subjects; there were dainty butterflies, rollicking clowns, severe, mysterious beings in forbidding dominoes, school girls, flower girls, dancing girls, demure Japanese maidens, Sultans, tramps and every conceivable type of humanity.

Along with the rest came "Papa Ita," escorting a "Mama Ita," the identity of the two being proclaimed by means of large placards worn upon their backs, though this would have been entirely unnecessary in the case of the popular fire-walker, as his brush of ti leaves and other close adherence to the Tahitian's costume would have left no doubt.

A little man in a big cap was announced by placard to be a great judge who favored Arizona justice. He wore an alarming-looking firearm in his boot and was followed by an individual in chains who had been sentenced to ten days in jail for contempt of court.

A brave soldier in uniform took long strides in a vain effort to avoid betraying the fact that he was a girl. Death, with a scythe in hand and skull and cross-bones upon his breast, marched beside a dainty impersonation of Spring, and "Execution," with a broad-axe, kept pace with an old witch, who carried her broomstick steed and had all the emblems of her calling embroidered upon her dress, a cat perching upon one shoulder and a hideous serpent coiling about her cap to rear its head into the air at the top. "Annexation" was represented by a graceful maiden in a costume of blended flags, the Stars and the Stripes intertwining with the Hawaiian colors.

Miss Abbie Campbell, Princess of the Carnival, was magnificently arrayed in a glittering creation of silver and white, beautiful beyond comparison. Over a simple princess gown of white satin, soft folds of white chiffon embroidered daintily in pink rosebuds fell gracefully from the corsage to the floor, and in the front from the point of the corsage a splendid panel of silver applique reflected the scintillating lights with dazzling brilliancy. At the back, falling from the neck, a long panel of white satin, embroidered in glittering patterns of silver, formed a splendid train. Over this was worn a beautiful royal ruby court train, outlined in white chantille applique and embroidered richly in pearls, with large lover's knots of white satin applique. A beautiful girdle, scintillating with the brilliancy of nearly every precious stone, held the folds of diaphanous chiffon and satin loosely at the waist, and ornaments of pearl and silver added richness and splendor to the dazzling elegance and royal beauty of the whole.

A superb crown of emeralds, rubies and diamonds and dainty white slippers, with pearl and silver ornaments, completed the splendid costume, which was designed in its entirety by H. F. Davison of the Killarney Company, Ltd. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful and artistic or a richer and more elegant costume, and among the royal gowns of the Princesses of a thousand Mardi Gras it is doubtful if there could be found one to excel its dazzling beauty.

Miss Wilhemina Tenney, little girl 8 years of age, arrayed sweetly in lavender and yellow. Little Muriel's costume was of yellow velvet and silk crepe, and the wee Miss Tenney wore a pretty lavender fascimile.

THE PROMENADE AND REVELS

How the Merry Maskers Marched, Danced and Gayly Flirted.

The scene at the moment the Prince and his lovely Princess descended the steps leading from the stage to the dancing floor was one of kaleidoscopic beauty. The scintillating lights dancing from hundreds of swaying electric globes, mingling with the waving streamers of flags, bunting and color blending all the hues of the spectra, made a bewitching scene unrivaled in all the previous fetes given in the Hawaiian Islands. Not only did the Prince and Princess Carnival deign to add their presence to the revels of the midnight merry maskers, but a Queen, once a reigning monarch in the Paradise of the Pacific, was there in all the regal dignity obtained upon a real throne. For the nonce she was outdazzled by the splendor of the two young people who stood upon the dais where the two thrones reposed, solemn reminders of the days in Hawaii when kings and queens ruled. Liliuokalani, once queen of all Hawaii, smiled upon the Prince and Princess as they came upon the floor and the eyes of the young Princess, in name only, sought those of her who was once her ruler. Queen Liliuokalani sat in a box near the stage on the same side of the palace as the thrones. It was a pretty box, covered with red bunting which was partly concealed by the folds of the Royal Standard of Hawaii, once the coat-of-arms of all the reigning monarchs. It was a beautiful Crown flag, made of silk, upon which were emblazoned in pale white the kahili sticks. Another flag, the national Hawaiian ensign, was draped under the Crown standard and presented a picturesque appearance. Her Majesty was attired in a heavy garnet silk, worn decollete. Around her neck was a magnificent necklace of diamond sunbursts.

Amid the blare of the trumpets the carnival trumpeters, attired in court costume, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the master of ceremonies, slowly and with regal grace led the procession around the palace and

mounted the throne. A dense crowd of onlookers, beautifully dressed women and handsome men in the boxes greeted their highnesses and a storm of applause swept over the multitude. But the magnificence of the Prince and Princess was forgotten soon in the intent gaze upon the merry, reveling throng which followed in their wake. Kaleidoscopic, a moving picture of color, in which gaiety, fun-loving and mystery combined to create a carnival of pleasure never to be forgotten by Honoluluans, the gay throng passed in review before the throne. There were jesters, follies, flowers of every description, Dusty Willies, Dromios, Pierrots, Witches, Papa Itas and Mama Itas, Nights, Mornings, Snows, army and navy officers, dominoes galore, butterflies, ladies of the Directory period in great picture hats, powdered hair and staffs, clowns, monks, types of nationalities, Chinese, Boxers, convicts, Florentine gentlemen, Japanese, ladies, Spoons, Indians, Brahmins, Summers, Gainsboroughs, Spanish Chevaliers, flower girls, Spanish beauties, Toradors, "Any Old Thing," sports, darkies, Highland chiefs, Tassos, brides and bridegrooms, Daughters of the Revolution, Annexations, trumpeters, men dressed as ladies and vice versa. Hither and thither, mixing round and round the hall, they moved, causing such a jumble of colors as to almost tire the eyes.

To the strains of martial music with the blare of trumpets sounding above the melody, the revellers marched and countermarched. As they came before the throne dais where the distinguished rulers sat as if to the manor born, they stopped and paid their respects to them. The knee was banded in subjection to their Highnesses, who returned a courteous salutation. A smile played constantly upon the lips of the Prince and the dark beauty of the Princess lighted up with sincere pleasure as she returned the obeisances. The master of ceremonies was here, there and everywhere, and guided the long line of maskers in the intricate mazes of the grand march. The jester, whose dignity forbade him to mix with the plebeian throng upon the floor, stood at the elbow of His Highness and for every word of gracious salutation which passed the lips of the royal guests the jester burlesqued it in quaint language.

Suddenly as the march became faster and faster and the throng became more and more joyful and filled with the pleasure of the hour, the wand of the master of ceremonies shot into the air and the music fell into the measured steps of the lancers. Then came the fun. The maskers were as yet to each

other unknown. Falsetto voices in the feminine maskers and strange voices in the men were heard above the music, as each endeavored to search out the identity of the other. Many were the flirtations begun when only the dancing eyes of the merry reveller who wore skirts could be seen between the narrow slits through which she shot her answers. Caajoing, pleading, persuasion were all in vain, however, for the characters brought upon the floor were sustained to the very last moment. None would divulge identity despite the entreaties of those who would know their partners before the signal to unmask was given. And even when the master of ceremonies declared that the hour for unmasking had arrived, some of the skirted revellers fled to the dressing rooms, flung off their masks and completely changed their former identities by appearing later in different attire.

Not alone were the maskers attentive to the least thing that would betray identity, but the fashionable audience which leaned out from the boxes strained every eye to learn who the mysterious ones were. Lorgnettes were levelled at the floor like a battery of rapid-fire guns but the maskers stood the test bravely. There were those in the boxes who knew their friends upon the floor, because they had been told exactly what they were to expect. The whispered news of the friends' arrival was noised from box to box and all were kept on the qui vive. For two hours or more the maskers revelled upon the floor. During that time the judges threaded their way through the maze. Their approach to any group was ominous and the characters were never better sustained than when the judges were near by.

The Mardi Gras palace was a thing of beauty. From the great girders of the roof hung long strings of flags, banners and bunting showing the Mardi Gras colors—red, green, yellow and white. It was a striking combination. The walls were concealed by the folds of great flags, principally American, Hawaiian, Prussian and English. Smaller flags adorned the interstices where bright bits of color were needed.

The throne was on the Waikiki side of the palace midway between the main entrance and the stage. It was semi-circular in form, with a projecting canopy in the form of a gilded diadem. From this glittering crest red cloth was hung in conventional style, draped over with white muslin. The background of the throne was formed of red velvet with dashes of muslin. The throne chairs were the ones which formerly had the distinguished honor of resting upon the real throne of Hawaii in the royal palace.

Near the stage was the box of Her Majesty, Liliuokalani. On the opposite side of the hall thirty boxes had been constructed in two tiers, which held the wealth, fashion and beauty of Honolulu society. These boxes were draped mostly in red, relieved here and there by the Mardi Gras colors. At each division of the boxes were banked masses of palms, ferns, coccinulas, crotons, all refreshing in their tropical loveliness. Over the entrance a gallery was erected, where Captain Berger and the Government band were stationed, and spectators were given an opportunity there to view the scintillating spectacle.

The stage was prettily decorated with rows of green plants in pots, while a background of flags formed a pretty setting for the multitude which sat there to watch the revels of the maskers. Chairs were also placed in the orchestra and although much space was taken from the floor by so doing, yet after all the dancers didn't mind crowding. In fact they rather liked it. It was easier to make carnival acquaintances that way.

After the grand march and the lancers were finished the master of ceremonies waved his wand for silence. When all was still he opened a roll of manuscript from which was pendant a huge seal, and read to their Highnesses the following greeting:

May It Please Your Serene Highnesses: An era of unequalled prosperity has blessed your realm. Upon the fruitful earth copious rains have fallen. The argosies of your subjects have borne abroad products of the teeming soil and returned freighted with rich merchandise for the use and adornment of a prosperous people.

Your munificent gifts to public charities, the beautifying of your capital city and the construction of magnificent highways have marked your reign, and endeared yourselves to your subjects. The diplomatic tact, the firmness tempered with moderation which has characterized Your Highness' intercourse with foreign States has settled vexed and perplexing disputes and carried the renown of your sagacity to the uttermost parts of the earth. Within your realm rebellious tribes have been subdued and disarmed by kindness, so that now throughout the length and breadth of your principality, peace reigns.

Mindful of these many blessings, your grateful subjects, and with them many envoys from beyond the seas, have gathered here to do you homage, and under your gracious patronage make



merry and thus testify to their loyalty and the gladness that is within their hearts.

All hail our glorious Prince and gracious Princess! Let the trumpets sound and all proclaim them blessed!

Hardly had the sounds of the voice of the master of ceremonies died away than the piping notes of the jester, strident and discordant in the merry-making, were heard, burlesquing the noble sentiments of the master. He shouted to all that it had been a glorious rain, and all the loving subjects of their Highnesses had felt it for many weeks past. The highways of the principality were hard hit by the venture-some jester.

"On with the revels! On with the merry-making! On with the dance!" shouted the jester, and the whirl went on.

The judges had a difficult task. The costumes were all good. Everybody knew that. It was hard to choose one costume for a prize, for so soon did they do so another would pass in review before their color-bewildered eyes and claim their attention. At first the judges were content to remain upon the stage and look over the sea of hues and endeavor to make their choice. Then one character would claim their attention and they found they had to go upon the floor and follow it up. Long and earnestly they continued at their work. Their faces were hard set, their jaws were clenched and they avoided the glances of those who would have wilted them into bestowing the prizes upon the glancers. But the judges, at least the men, could not be bribed. The groo-goo eyes were not made in the direction of the ladies on the committee, so they escaped. At last the committee finished and all within the palace were thrown into a fever of excitement over the coming announcements. The master of ceremonies placed in the hands of the Prince a paper upon which the judges had set the results of their work. The Prince read the names of the characters and the prize-winners, which were as follows:

Most beautiful ladies' costume, Frou Frou, Mrs. E. D. Tenney; most beautiful man's costume, Claude Melnotte, H. A. Adams; most original ladies' costume, La Belle France, Mrs. Mary Gunn; most original gentleman's costume, Hyderabad Indian gentleman, Mr. E. L. Hutchison; most comical ladies' costume, Spoons, Miss N. McLean; most comical gentleman's costume, Dusty Willie, or the Electric Nosed Man, Mr. McLean.

The decision of the judges gave satisfaction and the winners were greeted

HONOLULU never witnessed a more brilliant sight than the Mardi Gras ball last night. Never was a social gathering more advantageously graced by Hawaii's fair women and brave men than was that at the scene of the grand carnival. The gowns and costumes worn were creations of art and beauty and the gay scenes of the fairyland that the grim old drill shed had been transformed into by the ingenuity of the ladies of the decoration committee, made the whole to seem a marvelous spectacle summoned by the magic lamp of Aladdin. From overhead the electric illuminations shone softly through evergreens and gay festoons of colored bunting, falling, softly subdued, upon the polished floor and the strange, flitting characters that tripped the light fantastic toe in gay incongruity. The draped boxes were a-flutter with fans, the occupants merry with comment and amusement. The sheen of silken gowns and the glitter of precious jewels made radiant the beauty of beautiful women, and in full dress and fancy costume Honolulu's masculine sex had a chance at elegance and the picturesque. From a bower of evergreens in an elevated balcony came the music of the Territorial band, and among dancers and spectators alike, all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

As early as 8 o'clock the maskers began to gather in the long hall of the Miller street entrance and by half past the hour there was hardly standing room for the mysterious ones. A half dozen clowns clad in airy costumes of white and red rigging over a hull of barrel hoops started the fun going, and the spirit of merriment began to take hold.

Out in the ballroom proper the polished floor shone invitingly under the softly-shaded yet brilliant lights, and the gayly decorated boxes were filled with beautifully dressed women and well-groomed men.

Overhead from end to end and across were graceful festoons of the Mardi Gras colors—red, yellow, green and white, evergreens were everywhere.



Miss Abbie Campbell Princess of Mardi Gras.